firef fleviews of Important and Interesting

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's pictures of New York "society" appear to have been accepted by certain solemn gentlemen of the English press as representative and reliable, and, having read "Patience Sparhawk," or her latest effort, "His Fortunate Grace" (Appletons), we can well understand those wise and worthy persons when they hold up their hands in pious horror and come to the conclusion that the manners and morals of the wealthier New Yorkers are past praying for. His fortunate Grace the Duke of Bosworth is a wicked nobleman of the good old type with which novel readers are familiar, and his rounded shoulders, red-rimmed fish-like eyes, and drooping cheeks and lower tip mark him as a member of that British peerage which, as all good readers know, nowadays exists mainly for the purpose of providing Miss Marle Corelli and her sister novelists with awful examples of picturesque villainy and gilded vice. Mr. Jerome has called attention to that law of stageland by which, when a man dies intestate, all his property goes to the nearest villain, and, by a kindred provision of the law of middle-class fiction, no Duke may hold his title unless he possess a ruined constitution and at least three varieties of hereditary disease; while even a baronet must live up to his position by periodically abducting the most innocent unprotected female within reach. Hence, in her presentation of this mem-ber of the aristocracy, Mrs. Atherton simply conforms to the canons of that school of romance to which she has devoted herself, while the types of New York character that she sets before the reader are about equally true to life. Miss Augusta Forbes is the helress to many millions, her features are large and her complexion dull. but she has the carriage and air of a New York girl of fashion and she wears Parisian clothes that, as Mrs. Atherton puts it, "would have ameliorated a Gorgon." She and her young friends are much interested in socialism and the extension of the franchise to women; until the arrival of the Duke, who comes to seek an heiress who will lift the mortgages and repair the roof on his ancestral home Whereupon the women fall down and worship. We first meet him, on the morning of his arrival, in the large and sumptuous and very expensive drawing room of Miss Mabel Creight puted heiress whom he has met abroad. Having secided that, in default of anything better, she will do, he leaves the house with this characteristic reflection. "I wonder if I ever dreame a honeymoon with the one woman. If I did I have forgotten. What a bore it will be." From this it will be seen that there is nothing ambiguous about the Duke. He is a bold, bad man. That night he goes to the opera. And here let Mrs. Atherton, in one magnificent sentence, describe the scene in the boxes: "Women of su-perb style, with little of artifice but much of art, gowned so smartly that only their immen vitality saved them from confusion with the fashion plate, carrying themselves with a royal, albeit somewhat self-conscious, air, many of them crowned like empresses, others starred like night, producing the effect en masse of resplendent beauty, and individually of deficiency in all upon which the centuries have set their seal, hung, two or three in a frame, against the curving walls and red background of the great house; suspended in air, these goddesses of a new civilization, as if with insolent challenge to all that had come to stare." His Grace's faithful friend and jackal, Mr.

Fletcher Cuyler, points out Augusta Forbes. "That girl will come in for forty millions."

"Oh, no, dollars; but they'll do t" "Is her father solid ! American fortunes are so deucedly rickety."

Having been satisfied on this score, he is taken to the box and thus presented: "Cuyler entered the hox. 'Get out,' he said, 'every one of you. I've got a real live duke out there. He's mortgaged for the rest of the evening and time's short." He drove the men out, then craned his long neck round the half-open door.

"Dukee, Dukee,' he called, 'come hither,' . The fair Augusta is spellbound by the glamour of his title, and possibly fascinated by his fishlike eye, and the Duke decides that she might n even better than the other girl. "Do you think you could stand her I' asks Cuyler. 'If Forbes took the notion he'd come down with five millions without turning a hair."

"I could swallow her whole and without a grimace, said the Duke dryly. But I am half, two-thirds committed. I have no intention of making Miss Creighton ridicu-lous, although I shall be obliged to tell her father frankly that I cannot marry her unless

he comes down with half a million." Mr. Creighton, being temporarily in a very spite of the disapproval of her father, Mr. caricatured in this simple tale, which may possibly be accepted as a true picture of New York society by those young men and women who get their ideas on the subject from the "fashionable news" collected on the great keyhole and backstairs principle and published in the illustrated

Sunday "specials" of the rubbish disseminators of this city. For here Mrs. Atherton has apparently collected her material.

M. Gaston Boissier, in his latest volume, "Cicero and His Friends" (Putnams), again proves to be one of the most delightful of modern commentators, and his study of Roman society under Cæsar is marked by the same grace of style, lightness and vigor of treatment, and profound underlying crudition, that was shown in "The Country of Horace and Virgil." Taking Cicero's letters as the basis of his work, M. Boissier writes a series of chapters that gives the reader a view of the great advocate both in his public and in his private life, and in his relations with Casar, Brutus, Pompey, Atticus and many other noble and ignoble figures of . He treats his subject with the philosophic tolerance of one who, though a scholar, is no less a man of world, and hence his estimate of Cicero is a more favorable one than that of Mommsen and many others of the modern German school, "I mistrust those learned men," says he, "who, without any acquaintance with men or experience of life, pretend to judge Cicero from bis correspondence. Most fre quently they judge him ill. They search for the expression of his thought in that common place politeness which society demands, and which no more binds those who use it than it deceived those who accept it. Those concessions that must be made if we wish to live together they call cowardly compromises. They see manifest contradictions in those different shades a man gives to his opinions, according to the person he is talking with. They triumph over the imprudence of certain admissions, or the fatuity of certain phrases, because they do not perceive the fine irony that tempers them. appreciate all these shades, to give things their real importance, to be a good Judge of the drift of those phrases which are aid with half a smile, and do not always mean what they seem to say, requires more acquaintthre with life than one usually gets in a German university." With which view many readers, despite its slightly casnistical tendency, will combiless agree. Mr. Boissier's criticism is always brilliant and suggestive, and, as he rambles easily along, he now and then contrasts or compares the letters with those of Mme, de Seviené, or draws an interesting and instructive parall I between the state of Rome in the last ys of the republic and that of France to-day. "Our time resembles that of which these letters speak to us. It had no solid faith any more tuen our own, and its sad experiences revolutions had disgusted it with everything, while inuring it to everything. The men of that time knew, just as we do. that discontent with the present and that untertainty of the morrow which do not allow us

o enjoy tranquillity or repose. In them we see

resting period it was. When the rival fac-

issue o. Milo and Clodins, the Capulet and

and all the thieves and cutthroats of the coun-

salague of Rome, held sway, and bands of

wild beast fighters, hired gladiators,

terrselves." And what a picturesque and in-

plan way. Whatever we may think of Closes as a public man, there can be no doubt as to the magnitude of the debt owed him by pesterity. I feel a better man for reading him," says old Plutarch, and Cornelius Nepos writes that he who reads his letters will not be tempted to seek the history of that time elsewhere. In M. Bolssier's volume one may get the solid facts of history while enjoying a narrative that has all the charm and interest of the best romance, The English version of Mr. Adnah David Jones

is admirable. In "The Beautiful White Devil" (Appletons), Mr. Guy Boothby, a young Australian novelist, revives once more the methods of that glorious school of romance of which Stephens Hayward and the great and only Sylvanus Cobb were the acknowledged masters. Here we have, in modern form, the same old hairbreadth escapes, the same extraordinary adventures following one another at breathless speed, and the same splendid disregard for mere probability that marked the efforts of those wigards of an earlier day. The beautiful white devil is a female pirate, and from the moment when, in chapter one, we hear her character discussed in the billiard room of a Hong Kong hotel, we know that she will prove to be a rover of no ordi-nary kind. She for some years has played havec on the high seas, looting mail steamers, stealing diamonds, abducting Indian princes and elderly Oriental merchants, and bidding deflance to the whole British navy and the police of several continents. De Normanville, a young doctor on his first vacation visit to the East, goes up to his bedroom at night with his head full of the strange stories he has been hearing about the mysterious woman. Then, while from below there comes the rattle of rickshaws in the street and the chafing of the sampans alongside the wharf, and white, over the mainland across the harbor, the moon rises like the volk of a hard-boiled egg (this figure is the author's), there enters to him an elderly and affable gentleman in a white duck suit. He is looking for a doctor willing to go to a distant and mysterious island to combat an outbreak of smallpox. A bargain is struck. Five hundred pounds is paid over, and they start that night. Here, of course, the practiced reader will at once perceive that the elderly gentleman in the duck suit is none other than the confidential agent of the beautiful white devil herself. Now the adventures begin. After a terrible fight on a Chinese junk, in which the elderly gentleman and the doctor utterly vanquish a bloodthirsty band of desperadoes led by a pock-marked pirate named Kwong-Fung, they reach the yacht Lone Star and meet the mysterious woman. And a wonderful yacht the Lone Star is, for, though only a 300 tonner with auxiliary steam, she can show her heels to the fastest mail boat or modern man-of-war, while, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, she can at a moment's notice present the appearance of a total wreck, or completely change her shape, color, and rig. The white devil proves to be a lovely, virtuous, and much-maligned female, who carries on the piracy business in accordance with the highest moral principles, and, whenever she robs a man. gives half the proceeds to the poor. The other half she retains, as, of course, she needs it in the business, while, as for occasional murders and several minor forms of crime, they are mere trifles incidental to the practice of a profession that cannot be carried on without some risk. She is almost as wonderful a product as the yacht itself, for, by merely putting on a wig and changing her dress, she can so alter her appearance as to be unrecognizable, even by the doctor, who, of course, has fallen madly in love with her. After a brief but eventful stay at the mysterious island they go to Singapore to abduct a gentleman who has been saying unkind things about her. Here she masquerades as a New York helress, with much success and fidelity to nature. "Well," said she, with her best New York accent, "I guess we're going to look for a dry goods store, and then I reckon we'll just take a pascar round the town," and later on she speaks of a friend who "operates considerable in pork." Which all shows that Mr. Boothby is strong on local color. After an escape from jail, a shipwreck, a fight with a gigantic chimpanzee, and other marvellous adventures, the doctor and his faithful freebooter marry and settle down on the island, where they rear a healthy and promising

fession that, of late years, has been sadly neg-In the "Wisdom of Fools" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mrs. Margaret Deland has written half a dozen short stories of a soft, soothing, and mildly sentimental sort, apparently intended for persons like a certain dear old lady Robert Louis Stevenson has told us of. She took the Family Paper on confidence, the tales it contained being family tales, not Regular Novels: tences are not alluring. "Into Peeti's soul had but she was occasionally subject to sharp attight place, is unable to come down with half a | tacks of conscience owing to a well-grounded | night watches, with eyes straining at the shufthe Duke breaks his engagement | fear that the current fiction "was going to turn with the daughter and takes the other girl, in out a Regular Novel." The first of these tales, "'Tis Folly to Be Wise," opens with a cooing Forbes, who, in the end, is forced by his wife to and gurgling little love scene between the consent. One or two well-known persons are Rev. William Eaton and the young woman he is about to marry. They sit beneath a spreading oak upon the grassy bank of a purling stream, and she calls him Billy and tells him not to be a goose, while he regales her with light theology leavened with an occasional pun, at which point she says, "Now, Billy, really, that is too much!" and we quite agree with her. Later on he breaks to her the dreadful news that in his early youth he once committed for gery. Whereupon she leaves him forever. This situation brings us perilously near to the Regular Novel, but the skilful introduction of a short conversation between a vestryman and a church

warden brings the story to a fitting family end. "Yes," said the vestryman; " was it a duty to speak, or a duty to be silent?" There was a moment's pause. "Was West a fool or a saint!" insisted the younger man.

"I'll be hanged if I know," said the senior

So the reader with a taste for abstract specu-

warden.

lation is left to find the missing word. Mr. Robert Barr stands in the front ranks of modern writers of the short, crisp, and vigorous style of story, told in straightforward narrative form, and with more regard for incident and action than for analysis of motives or subtlety of

character drawing. In this field his natural gifts of humor and inventiveness and his abundant vitality and enthusiasm carry his readers with him, and they are content to follow without asking for superfluous explanations by the way. In his latest and most ambitious effort, for which he has chosen the excellent title, "The Mutable Many" (Frederick A. Stokes), and which has lately appeared in serial form in THE SUN, Mr. Barr attempts a task requiring some additional qualifications, and with the result that while be has produced a powerful and in places a thrilling book, he has not achieved the complete success gained in some of his short tories.

"For the mutable, rank scented many, let then Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves." This is the quotation from "Coriolanus," writ fair upon the title page; and surely in this picture of the struggle of the ignorant masses against the inevitable, Mr. Barr may justly say he does not flatter. The interest turns on the fight between the manager of a big London factory and the discontented employees, led by a blatant ass, the secretary or walking delegate of the union; and from first to last it is a contest between cool, calculating foresight and indomitable and dogged pluck, on the one hand, and fickle, wavering irresolution, internal jealousy and ignorance, on the other. Mr. Barr puts his finger on the weak spot that is and always must be patent in the armor of unionism. His descriptions of the misery attendant on a strike and his exposition of the methods of the strike leaders form the most interesting part of the book. It is in the extraneous matter that he is less successful, and that here and there we find obvious

traces of abundant padding.
In "Travel and Big Game," by Mr. Percy Selous and Mr. H. A. Bryden, Mesers. Longmans publish a handsome volume, illustrated with six drawings by Mr. Charles Whymper. The greater part of the book consists of a number of chapters in which Mr. Selous describes his adventures while hunting and trapping it Canada, shooting leopards in Bechuanaland, after grizzlies, wapiti and moose in North America, lions in South Africa, and the rhinoceroe and hippopotamus on the Limpopo River. He 1 side tought, in broad daylight, on the Ap-

writes vigorously and simply, with no attempt ornamentation of style, but with the direct ness and attention to practical detail that mark the genuine sportsman, skilled in his craft, who kills his game, not from mere wanton lust of slaughter, but for a legitimate object and in a legitimate way. The two concluding chap ters on giraffe, buffalo, and sebra hunting, by Mr. Bryden, while written in more polished style, are less interesting in their subject matter. It may be doubted whether either the giraffe or the zebra 'a a legitimate object for slaughter. Certainly the latter timid and beautiful creature affords little sport, is practically aseless for food, and is, when dead, of no com mercial value. "Their curiosity is often their undoing. I have many times galloped steadily behind a troop of these zebras and then halted for a moment. The zebras would wheel quickly round in line and stand for minute to have a good look at the pursuer. This was the time to put in a steady shot. Some times, even when the hunter is galloping, they will turn round and stand for a moment, apparently out of sheer curiosity." This scarcely improsses one as a very exhibarating form of amusement. More especially when, later, we read: "Of all sights in the fair veldt-and there are many to charm the eye-I know of few nobler than that of a good troop of Burchell's zebras-creatures which seem to have been created for no other purpose than to adorn the wilderness. Whether feeding quietly amid the herbage, or fleeting across the plain, their dappled coats, as clean and shining as a well groomed race-horse's, gleaming in the sunlight

brisk, beautifully proportioned, and full of life

and spirits, these zebras represent the highest

perfection of feral life. True children of the

un-drenched plains, long may they yet flourish

to decorate the African veldt." It is a far cry from the flerce vigor of "On the Face of the Waters," Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's great romance of the Indian mutiny, to the gentler melancholy and more conventional set ting of her latest novel, "In the Tideway" (Mac millans), and while in this latter she has not the added advantages of the gorgeous Indian background and the interest attaching to a great his torical event, she has yet produced a story that on its own merits will appeal to many r The main motif, which is as old as the hills, is treated with great delicacy and skill. Two cousins, who have been boy and girl sweethearts, decide to "put away childish things," and each makes a mer cenary marriage. The woman finds that she is tied to a hopeless drunkard, and, in the inevitable end, she and her old lover, setting out to start life afresh, drift in the tide-way and are lost. Some of the minor characters are sketched with a delightfully playful humor. Rick Dale a cheery boyish sailor; Miss Willins, most charming of old maids, and Will Lockhart, he lover: Capt. Weeks, the bashful warrior, and Cynthia Strong, the Girton girl, are all excellent, as also is the learned professor, "who was much given to the jocular style when ad dressing the weaker sex, which be held to have been created for the purpose of exer cising the social qualities of man." The scene is laid in the Hebrides, and the great charm of the story lies in its salt, br atmosphere of the wind-swept Moorland, where the nor wester blows unrestrained across bros stretches of white and purple heather, and the ceaseless music of the sea hints of the mystery o 'The wave-washed sand, and the wave's vain desire." This book will not have the same phe nomenal success as the Indian story, but it is a work of art, and, as such, will not lack appreci ation.
In "Gods and Their Makers" (John Lane),

Mr. Lawrence Housman has apparently challenged himself to a game of literary skittles, in which, after banging and buffeting a number o mankind's most cherished beliefs, and endeavoring to knock corners off several of those funda mental ideas to which the world has clunthroughout the ages, he succeeds in defeating himself with considerable sclat. Owing to his fixed determination to systematically and on principle avoid the obvious and intelligible method of stating any given proposition, it is sometimes difficult to track his thought and meaning to their lair amid the mazes of ob-This is the more to be regretted scurity. in that there are occasional lucid intervals in which his allegory is not unamusing. Peeti and Aystah, two small savages who, having committed sacrilege and incurred the anger of the priests, are banished to the island of secret mysteries, are interesting little animals, and some of their difficulties are de-scribed with considerable humor; but we soon grow weary of the attempt to follow an author who sacrifices everything to what he mistakes come the vision of his God. In the midst of the fling darkness, he had beheld it; and as his mental appetite took its bite of the unknown, the divine forms grow in clearness and definition." We wish Mr. Housman had restrained his fatal tendency to burst into song at the beginning of his chapters. This is really rather an unfair way of stealing a march upon the unsuspecting reader, who often finds it difficult enough, in the ordinary way of things, to escape

Messrs. Harper publish an attractive volume by Caroline A. Creevey, entitled "Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp," in which the author of "Recreations in Botany" has followed a novel and sensible plan of grouping the flowering plants of the Atlantic seaboard, New England, and the Middle States upon the natural basis of environment. Thus the first six chapters group flowers usually found (I.) on banks of streams (II.) in swamps; (III.) near the seaconst (IV.) in water; (V.) in low meadows; (VI.) along waysides and in dry fields. There are also chapters on weeds, on plants found in rocky, wooded hillsides, in open woods, sandy soil, &c. The descriptions give the color of each flower, its shape, size, and outline of leaves, and indicate the time of blossoming.

With these data and the numerous and excellent illustrations by Mr. Benjamin Lander, the amateur student should find this volume an ideal aid to the study of our indigenous flowering plants. The book contains complete indices and glossary and is printed and made up in the Harpers' best style, the cover design being espe-

From Mr. John Lane we have received the May number of the American edition of "The International Studio," which, since March of the present year, has been published at the Bodley Head in this city. The present number fully maintains the high reputation this artistic publication has gained as the best magazine of its kind. There is an interesting article on the Japanese sketches of Mr. Mortimer Menpes. illustrated with a number of examples of his work, some beautiful reproductions of pictures by Mr. T. Millie Dow, and the usual number of interesting features.

The latest biography in "The Great Commanders Series" (Appletons) is that of Gen. Grant, by Gen. James Grant Wilson editor of the series. It is excellently bound and printed and contains number of maps and illustrations and an index. We have received a very interesting and handsomely printed volume entitled "Turner and Ruskin," containing photogravure reproductions of twelve of Turner's famous pictures, with an interesting and discursive commentary by an American whose name is not mentioned. On the same principle the name of the book's publisher is also not mentioned; but we em-

phatically commend the volume all the same. We have received Vol. VIII. of Putnam's admirable edition of the "Writings of Thomas Jefferson, Collected and Edited by Paul Leicenter Ford." It forms a most valuable contribution to American history and political philosophy. We have received the fifth volume of Scribner's

illustrated edition of the Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling. A set of books hand-somer than this edition could scarcely be desired. We have also received: "After Her Death," by the author of "The

World Beautiful." (Roberts Bros.)
"The Old Testament Under Fire." The Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., S. T. D. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) "Christianity and Property-an Interpreta-

ion." (American Baptist Publication Society.)
"A Short History of Education; Being a Re print of the Article by Oscar Browning on Edu-

cation in the Ninth Edition of the Encycl dia Britannica," Edited by W. H. Payne, LL. D. (C. W. Bardeen.)

"The Conservative Principle in Our Literature." William R. Williams, D. D., L.L. D. (American Baptist Publication Society.) Some Aspects of the Religious Life in New England-With Special Reference to Congre gationalists." Lectures delivered on the Carew Foundation Before Hartford Theological Sc inary in 1896, by George Leon Walker, D. D.

(Silver, Burdett & Co.) "Catholic Education and American Institutions." Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., with preface by the Most Rev. Francis Janssens, D. D. (Azarias Reading Circle, Syracuse, N. Y.) "The Problem of Jesus." George Dana Board-

man. Revised and enlarged edition. (A. J. Row "The Twofold Authorship of Sacred Scrip-

ture." Rev. Charles P. Grannan, D. D., Ph. D. (Catholic University Bulletin.) "Look Up and Hope" and "Branded—a Mono-graph on Prison Work," Mrs. Ballington Booth.

"Should There Be an Invitation!" Prof Arthur Jones, D. D. (American Baptist Publica

"Leo XIII. at the Bar of History. A Discussion of the Papal Pian for Christian Unity." Prof. Harrison McKim, D. D. (Gibson Bros., Washington, D. C.) "Life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria." G.

Barnett Smith. (Routledge.)

TUBERCULOSIS AT GLEN HEAD. State Board of Health and Town Officials Be cline Responsibility in the Matter.

GLEN COVE, L. I., May 7.-Tuberculosis is epilemic on the dairy farm of Thomas J. Under all at Glen Head, and comment has been occ

sioned by the inaction of the State Board of the middle of April in Mr. Underhill's herd. which consisted of forty Jersey and Guernsey standard bred cows. The ailing cows were sep-arated from the remainder of the herd and closely watched in an isolated building. A few

closely watched in an isolated building. A few days later Dr. F. A. Wright, the town health officer, ordered the entire herd quarantined and inspected by an official veterinarian. One cow died of tuberculosis and seventeen others showed symptoms of the disease.

The town officials then reported the case to the State Board of Health, which has declined to take action, it is reported, owing to the lack of funds. The town authorities will not take the responsibility of ordering the killing of the animals and the indemnifying of Mr. Underhill for his loss. Here the matter rests. Meanwhile the quarantined animals are suffering, and Mr. Underhill's dairy business is seriously injured.

Business Antices.

Lafayette Place Bathe (Turkish and Russian), Bpiendid hotel accommodations; unequalled for health, comfort, and luxury. A sovereign cure for rheumatism, all aches and pains. Open night and day.

TOIMID.

ADRE.—On Friday, May 7, at his residence on Park av., Wil iamsbridge, Titus K. Adee. Puneral on Sunday, May 9. Particulars will appear

CHELA.-On Wednesday evening, May 5, 1897. Charles Cella, son of the late Antonio and Maria ington place, in the 84th year of his age. eral on Saturday, the 8th inst., at 10 A. M. DILWORTH.-At East Orange, on May 6, 1897.

Lynette Gordon, beloved daughter of Read G. and

Etta Siebein Dilworth, aged 2 years 3 months and 20 days. Funeral private, Saturday, May 8. Interment Greenwood Cemetery. IALL.—At Hudson, N. Y., on Wednesday, May 5,

Ciarrissa Hall, widow of John Gaul, in the south year of her age. ral on Saturday at 2 P. M. DELB REMANN.—Emil Oelbermann died at Cologue Germany, May 1, 1897, in the 04th year of his age

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Ger man American Insurance Company of New York held May 7, 1897, the following resolutions were Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Emil Oelbermann, one of the founders of the German American Insurance Company, who has been intimately identified with its affairs

and was for twenty-four years its President; there

Resolved, First, That the Board of Directors desires to place on record its high appreciation of the long and valuable services of Mr. Oelbermann, who, by his wise counsel and conscientious devotion to

perity an a success of the company. esolved Second That Mr. Oelbermann's conspic nous career for nearly half a century as a mer chant in the city of his adoption was characterized by that unswerving integrity and nobility of purpose which reflect honor upon the land of his birth.

Resolved. Third, That the members of the board are walk the dignity of Christian manhood.

to the family of our deceased friend and associate its cordial sympathy in this great bereavement and to express the hope that the memory of the stainless lift now end d may be to them a so of coutinual comfort an I consolat on.

DLVER .- On Thursday, May 6, at the residence his daughter, Mrs. W. Prescott, 34 Grove st., John Olver, after a short illness, in the 65th year of Services at St. Ambrose's Church, corner of Prince and Thompson sts., Monday, May 10, at 1 o'clock P. M. Relatives and friends are respectfully in-

vited to attend. WENS .- On Thursday, May 6, 1897, John Owens H B Claffin Post and 165th Regiment, M. Y. Vols. Second Duryee Zouaves.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to at

tend the funeral, from his late residence, 24 Kas 118th st., Sunday, May 9, at 1:80 sharp. residence of her son in law, O. W. Dodge, 234 Rahway av., Elizabeth, N. J., Mary Q. Parker, widow of John W. Parker. Funeral services at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon

PERREIN.—On Thursday, May 6, 1897, at 111 West 124th st., Ernest Noel, Jr., son of Ernest N. and Martha Drinker Perrin, aged 1 year and 28 days. PURCEELL—On Frilay, the 7th Inst., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. James B. Roche, 289 14th at., Brooklyn, John Purcell, in his 69th year

THE KENSICO CEMETERY.—Private station, Har-Tiem Railroad: 43 minutes ride from the Grand Central Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Special Motices.

STEAM CARPET CLEARSING; the C. H. Brown Co., 381 E. Soth st.; terepaone, 1531 Satur alt-ring and relaying. many as see induce gray hair, but PARKER'S HAIR HALSAM orings base youthful color. PARKER'S OINGER TONIC cures new srd pans.

A. -5. -For Roebuck's Wire Window Screens Bereen Doors, and Window Guards, go to ROEBUCK, 172 Funton.

Religious Motices.

JOHN MCNEILL.

the "Scottish Spurgeon." will preach Sunday at 4 P. M. in CAENEGIE MUSIC HALL, Orthast, and 7th av.; at 10:30 A. M. in THERTEENTH STREET PRES. BYTERIAN CHURCH, near 7th av., and at 8 P. M. in CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, 57th at., near 6th av. Next week Mr. Mon-till spe ks at noon every away exc pt Saturday in CHICKERING HALL, 5th av. and 18th at., and at 8 P. M. in BROADWAY TABERNACLE, orner Broadway and 14th at. J. H. Burke sings. Bring Sacred Songs No. 1. Everybody welcome.

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR N McNEILL, one of the world's greatest preach in UAHNEGIE HALL, 57th st. and 7th av., at o

A l.l. ARE INVITED to Met opolitan Temple, 14th at and 7th av., 10:40 and 7:45. Sermons by Dr. Codman. Morning subject, "Amos, the Hordsman;" 3:45. "The Pressant Hour." Tue-day, grand concert by the choir: Friday, questions. Concert to night. A T SOUTH CHURCH, MADISON AV. AND SETH ST.
Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., paster.
Service of the Holy Communion at 11 A. M.
Presching at 4 P. M.
A LL SOULS: CHURCH, Madison av. and 66th st.—
A Rev. R. Heber Newton will presch at 11 A. M.
Evening at 8 o'clock, sermon by Rev. A. N. Henshaw,
CHURCH OF THE PERMIX P. DES.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.—Five Points Mission Obr. Sanford, pastor, 10:80, 7:30; Sunday school g:30; illustrated lantern talk at night. All welcome Pipth avenue Pressyterian Church, corner 5 55th st., Rev. John Hall, D. D., pastor.—Services Sunday, May 9, at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M.

(TRACE CHURCH, Broadway and 10th st.— F S A. M.—Hoty communion. P A. M.—Morning prayer and address. S P. M.—Evensong and sermon. ALL SEATS FREE.

MADISON AV. BAPTIST CHURCH, corner Bist as M-The Rev. Henry M. Sanders, D. D., pastor. Bervices at 11 A. M. and 4:80 in the afternoon. The pastor will preach at both services. Chapsi service Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Beligious Notices.

COLETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.—Sunday, May S. 1807, at 11:10 A. M., the twenty-first anniver-nary of the Society for Ethical Culture, lecture by Prof. Felix Adler at Carnegie Music Rail, corner of 57th st. and 7th av. Bubject. "Reconcultation between Man and Man and between Man and Fate." Doors close promptly at 11:18 o'clock, All interested are invited.

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